Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1834. Whole No. 665.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By Samuel Coate Atkinson,

No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,

Third door above Chestnut, near the Girard Bank

TERMS—$2 00, if paid during the year.
$2 50, if paid within the year.
$3 00, if paid after the year.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher

Agents:
Throughout the United States, excepting Baltimore, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana.
Letters and Papers must be taken from the Post Office.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MY LAST REGRET.

Three colours of my soul, my first regret,
In youth's first morning, I have met;
The sunlight, in its purest ray,
That all the fragrant gains of Araby,

Oh, how I love with them to see the rose,
As memory wills of summers or of rain,
To view you shy and modest as you were,
And that dispelled, to see it bright again.

Oh, how I love with thee to think of her,
Whose beauty in the tender light
Of my young years secured,
Be there to me the faithful herald
Of the dream that my love attired.

But now I look upon thy waning form,
Where art an emblem of my wrinkled state;
Unfit to struggle 'gainst the petulant storm
Of cruel disasters' blasting fate.

I too must weave, this frame to dust return;
Around me throw thy mantle, mother earth,
That when I sleep the soothly sleep I do,
Oh, then receive the child thou gavest birth.

And as thy silver clouds in incense rise,
May they be wafted to the Spirit's throne,
Wafted by seraphs to the mercy shrine,
To drink of sweetness bitter cup be mine.

C. O. L.

From the Court Journal.

A CHAPTER ON TALLEYRAND.

We marvel much that in this book-making age no literary caterer of hot but unbought lion concocting scheme of the good things rendered by, or attributed to the illustrious personage whose name we have prefixed to our editorial, has ever thought of preparing a chapter, or even a tolerable notice of this interesting character, in point of a talisman to fascinate the reading world. Or, if not such, a high-seasoned dish could scarcely fail of stimulating the sickly palate. Therefore do we venture upon the task of serving up for the appetite of our readers, in the piquancy repast of an octave on this subject, but a few morsels—enough to whet the edge of curiosity for more ample of what we could achieve in the way of literary cookery, were we listen upon mightier matters.

Our bonsoom, or more correctly speaking, our gossip, is not to inquire into the features of a well beloved public with a detailed account of the birth, parentage, and boyish days of the immortal Prince Talleyrand de Perigord. No; our pen, with an instinctive predilection, ever turns from grave to gay. We love to descend to the lighter and more trivial researches more to the saying than to the doings of our hero. Of a truth, in the present instance, our determination not even to meddle with the family matters connected with our subject, is not to refer to the subsisting brief particulars of Charles Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand—glorious and never to be forgotten name in the annals of Europe's Congress.

To commence then in the style historical:—Charles Maurice Talleyrand was born in Paris, in the year 1754. In the month of January, during the reign and regime of Quercy. The name Talleyrand, which appears originally to have been that of an estate or manor, was formerly written Taleyran, Talleyrand, Taillerand, or Taillan. In the commencement of the twelfth century it was adopted as a surname by the family of the Sovereign Counts of Perigord. After the extinction of the elder branch, (Hélie the younger, known by the designation of the Comte de Grignon, and afterwards by that of the Princes de Chalais and de Talleyrand, succeeded to the title and name of the ours.

Having stated so much, or rather so little, for the benefit of the curious in genealogy, we crave permission not only to proceed at once to lighter, and to us more attractive matter, but to dispense with all further ceremonious attention to time, place, or circumstance, and after the manner of Sterne, to begin our chapters at a sort of second nature.

Early in life, Talleyrand de Perigord figured among the most influential personages of France, and became a conspicuous actor in the principal events which occurred during the reigns of the last three sovereigns of the ancient dynasty, and in the period of distress. Carnot, in particular, manifested a deep-rooted aversion for the *prêtre défroqué*, as he contemptuously termed the ex-Bishop of Autun. He compared him to a sponge that absorbs a portion of every liquor it is set to work in, and to a leech, because, that the sponge, when squeezed, deposes its contents, while that of Bonaparte's minister is insatiable.

It must be admitted, that one whose career belongs to so many epochs, one who has passed unscathed through so many political convulsions, and still as the barnon Blackwood, secured to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm" must have possessed the Old Regime, the Directory, the Consular power, the Empire, and the final fall of the Bourbons, still rising on the wreck of destruction, and ever found himself wheeled in as man his less fortunate or less skilful compeers, and a cue ingles well enough to be aware that sour and sullen spirit in which envy is ever ready to rail at vice when its rewards fall not to her share.

Talleyrand, we learn, was found irunicable by the *odevide* and *Mademoiselle*, and was in a certain way with much sanctity and true French frankness even went so far as to declare that she could not bear composing. "Perhaps not your lavoura," said *Madame de* Staël, who was present, "was somewhat of a similar confidence. The distinction was significant. The celebrated lady to whom we have just alluded, was at one period among the number of those who exercised great influence over Talleyrand. Her empire, however, though founded on mental superiority, was subsequently undermined by the more personal attractions of Madame Grandt, with whom Talleyrand became much smitten. The notabilities of the day were rather astounded at the circumstance, for the conversation of the latter was by no means equally rapid. The passion of Talleyrand was ingalliat enough to inquire how he could possibly be satisfied with the silence of the casket when the issues of the gem was so dim. "The society of Madame Grandt," replied the fascinated Satellite, "and I like now and then to rest myself." In the present instance, the triumph of the mental belle was complete. On a memorable occasion, when Madame Staël and several other ladies were playing at the jeu de societe, well known to the social circle of France as the game of the bust, the question was put to Talleyrand whether he was to infer he would serve Napoleon, Madame Grandt, or Madame de Staël—"Ah, Madame!" said he to the latter, 'you could never have supposed that I would prefer the society of your mistress you from every danger: 'I would therefore save Madame Grandt first. It was impossible to parry a home question with more address.

We have another anecdote relating to an adventure of Madame Grandt, which is not less characterized with genuine ecliat. The former frequently persecuted the lady with assignations, which were constantly rejected—she with her at her house, till a late hour at night. On one occasion, however, Talleyrand felt chagrin at being alone. It was long past eleven o'clock, and still the importunate suitor betrayed no symptoms of retiring. At length, after a variety of feigned indispositions, and at last had recourse to that melancholy resource of wearied spirits, a headache, and because alarmed, and ran to the window, which he opened, and fell to the current of fresh air with all the nerve-the fair sufferer. Precisely at this moment, and as she took was turned, Madame Grandt softly but suddenly left the room, and was followed by the perfect dolt out of the window into the street. Had the latter been aware of the true nature of the volition of the matter, the space through which the sconcrest was performed would have been considerably shortened but the adage, "Look before you leap," for the apartment was on the ground.

Madame St. Edme, better known to the literary world by the designation of *La Contemporaine*, and by who had the privilege to be acquainted with every individual to be somebody, was of course on a best terms with Prince Talleyrand. The following anecdote is furnished by the amiable *Contemporaine* herself, and we give it as nearly as possible in her own words. Having received a visit at the Minister without reasoning at least two hours in conversation with him. On the day in question the intrusion of threatenings so far, that in playfully twisting and wowing them with his fingers, he at last received a severe bite on the thumb of his right hand.

The pain occasioned to repose, and the hand that had received the wound was soon in a state of inflammation with me on terms which proved that some little variance was not likely to interrupt our friendship. The Minister took out on the cards one by one, carefully put them on counter, and arranged them under my hat, with the exception of the three or four that remained. I then contributed till my return home. At a single glance I perceived that the pool amounted to 1,000 francs, and I was back none of 1,000 francs each, and with a smile of pleasure which could be explained only by his gratification at recovering the regular through my fingers, and at our solitary struggle had recommenced. "Now, my friend," he said, "you may go, and then your Secretary's task is finished."

It has been stated that Talleyrand's mean accession to the atmosphere of power was his love of wealth. If so, exercise and ambition may be said to have gone hand in hand, for both have been nearly gratified. The elevated position of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, by giving him the key to all political movements, enabled him to speculate with advantage in the public funds, and it appears that he liberally availed himself of his facilities. Scenes of his minor actions, too, respect the bonds of plain gained hand, catching, as it were, a reflection of the wealth about to accumulate. Of the latter, the following anecdote is related by Madame de Staël, in her work on the Revolution, and which, from the circumstance of its having occurred in the presence of the writer, is entitled to credit. Of Nov 4 the 18th of Brumaire, and Talleyrand, the sovereign power in the hands of Napoleon, was still the minister of

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, November 1.

[illegible] Publication Office, No. 112 Chestnut St., below Third, Philadelphia. Terms, $2 50 per annum, payable half yearly in advance. Agents, Messrs. E. W. Patton, Jr. & Co., Lancaster; and W. Fenton, Jr. & Co., Harrisburg, to whom the terms of Agency can be known. Subscriptions received by A. Gallup, Jr., Boston, and by Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

The mode of charge mentioned in Circular is adopted. The Post Office Department charges to subscribers in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, 6¼ cents per quarter, or 25 cents per annum, for the Saturday Evening Post. Subscribers in other cities pay 12½ cents per quarter, or 50 cents per annum. Subscribers in the country pay 25 cents per quarter, or one dollar per annum. Subscribers in the British Provinces pay 37½ cents per quarter, or $1 50 per annum. Subscribers in Europe pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in the West Indies pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in the East Indies pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in Africa pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in South America pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in Mexico pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in Canada pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in the United States pay 25 cents per quarter, or one dollar per annum. Subscribers in the British Provinces pay 37½ cents per quarter, or $1 50 per annum. Subscribers in Europe pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in the West Indies pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in the East Indies pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in Africa pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in South America pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in Mexico pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum. Subscribers in Canada pay 50 cents per quarter, or $2 per annum

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Public Ledger Evening Post, by Rubin T. Hazlehurst, Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 31, 1834.

Ashes, Pots, first sort	100 lbs	4 75
Pearls, first sort		5 00
Beeswax, yellow	lb	25
Bristles, American		25
Cotton, Upland		12
Do. New Orleans		13
Feathers, live		45
Flaxseed	bush	1 00
Flour, Pennsylvania	bbl	5 75
Do. Baltimore, wharf		5 75
Do. Howard street		5 75
Do. Ohio		5 75
Do. Genesee		5 75
Do. Fine		5 25
Do. Superfine		5 25
Do. Rye		4 00
Do. Brandywine		5 75
Do. Alexandria		5 75
Do. Georgetown		5 75
Do. Fredericktown		5 75
Do. Petersburg		5 75
Do. Richmond		5 75
Do. City Mills		5 75
Grain, Wheat, white	bush	1 30
Do. red		1 25
Rye		70
Corn, yellow		70
Do. white		70
Oats		40
Barley		75
Beans		1 00
Clover seed	lb	6
Timothy seed	bush	2 50
Flaxseed		1 00
Hay, Pennsylvania	ton	18 00
Do. Eastern shore		18 00
Do. Delaware		18 00
Do. Jersey		18 00
Do. Maryland		18 00
Do. Virginia		18 00
Do. Ohio		18 00
Do. Northern		18 00
Do. Southern		18 00
Hemp, American		200 00
Do. Russia		200 00
Hops, first sort	lb	12
Lard, first sort		10
Leather, Spanish sole		25
Do. Slaughter sole		25
Do. Upper		25
Do. Dressed calf skins		1 00
Do. Dressed kip skins		75
Do. Dressed sheep skins		50
Do. Rough calf skins		50
Do. Rough kip skins		25
Do. Rough sheep skins		25
Molasses, Cuba, clayed	gal	25
Do. Muscovado		25
Do. New Orleans		25
Do. Havana		25
Do. Porto Rico		25
Do. Trinidad		25
Do. Curacoa		25
Do. Jamaica		25
Do. Antigua		25
Do. Barbadoes		25
Do. Demerara		25
Do. Tobago		25
Do. Grenada		25
Do. St. Croix		25
Do. Martinique		25
Do. Guadaloupe		25
Do. St. Thomas		25
Do. Tortola		25
Do. Turks Island		25
Do. Bermuda		25
Do. Sugar house		25
Do. Refinery		25
Nails, cut	lb	5
Do. wrought		10
Oil, Linseed	gal	1 00
Do. Sperm		1 50
Do. Whale		1 00
Do. Spermaceti		1 50
Do. Lard		1 50
Do. Tanners		1 50
Do. Castor		1 50
Do. Olive		1 50
Do. Train		1 50
Do. Palm		1 50
Do. Tar		1 50
Do. Turpentine		1 50
Do. Rosin		1 50
Do. Peppermint		1 50
Do. Origanum		1 50
Do. Sassafras		1 50
Do. Hemlock		1 50
Do. Amber		1 50
Do. Juniper		1 50
Do. Cedar		1 50
Do. Bergamot		1 50
Do. Lavender		1 50
Do. Rhodium		1 50
Do. Cloves		1 50
Do. Cinnamon		1 50
Do. Nutmeg		1 50
Do. Almonds		1 50
Do. Anniseed		1 50
Do. Caraway